

2-15-1934

Letter from Virginia Veeder Westervelt, Wellesley,
Massachusetts, to Mrs. Millicent Veeder,
Schenectady, New York, 1934 February 15

Virginia Veeder Westervelt

Wellesley College Archives

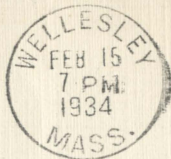
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WELLESLEY, MASS.



Mrs. Millicent Veeder
Brandywine Ave. School
Brandywine Ave.
Schenectady,
New York.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

2/15/34

Thursday noon

Dearest Mums,

Just a note to let you know that your child has returned most safely to the fold of Wellesley, after a very pleasant yesterday. Lee and I did do a bit of shopping--namely a veiling cap and some blue and gold ribbon to twine around the rim. It has an actual eye-lash veil sticking out beyond that, and I think it's right cute. Then I proceeded to the Italians because I had planned to, but told them that I would come only every other week after this, and the next time, I'll probably say I can't do it any more. However, it was rather fun. I heard all about school, hopes and ambitions, and got given a very be-au-ti-ful valentine with "To my love" in the inside, from little Philomena. Oh yes, and I got another missive too, which I shall quote for you later. Met Ted per arrangement, and had a most enjoyable dinner. Somehow we never seem to run out of things to say--there's always a lot more we might have said and didn't, which makes for a feeling of 'See you again?' Just as Ted put me on the train, he handed me an envelope, with the request that I would please not read it until he had left! So I was very obedient---after all, he had paid for the dinner, and seemed to have had an excellent time doing it, so could I do ought but adhere to his wishes? Anyway

here's the contents---

Acrostic

Great as the thrill of a sunrise
Inspired by forces unseen
Nothing surpasses that gladness,
Gorgeously woven between
Everything past and the present
Radiantly born from my heart.
Inwardly all is so pleasant
Lost in the realms of that art
Only awakened by feeling
Vaguely defined yet so strong,
Engulfing, yes, strangely concealing
Yesterdays--gone like a song.
Old as love is, it lives on,
Uplifting, as beauty at dawn.

It worries me! Sonnets being written to your daughter--
and not too bad sonnets either, do you think? The point is,
what does it mean? And what is the significance of the title?
When I write, I don't think I dare take it too seriously, do
you? Just thank him for the valentine and not say very much
about it. Because, although he is a very sweet boy, and we
click beautifully,--he has a rather subtle but very-much-there
sense of humor and quick perception besides having some
interesting ideas and a most reassuring way of appreciating
one----still, I'm satisfied with that sort of relationship,
and my job is to keep him that way, I guess. And he certainly
qualifies as an A #1 friend. But then, I don't see him very
often, so I shan't lose too much greatly needed sleep over
the problem!

I should be doing Econ. Suppose I'd better stop and
get busy, so----- (A la Ed Wynn)

Love and two hugs, no, three.

P.S. I sent the black
hat Tuesday - even
before I got the hint on the letter!

Ginny